

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

FEBRUARY • 1956



CADDIE WOODLAWN



AWAY GOES SALLY



THE THANKSGIVING STORY



AMERICA'S PAUL REVERE



HAY-FOOT, STRAW-FOOT



A FLAG FOR THE FORT



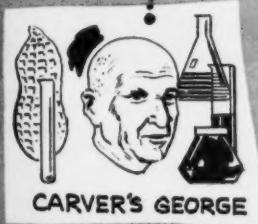
STORY OF THE PRESIDENTS



A BIRD IN THE HAND



GEORGE WASHINGTON



CARVER'S GEORGE



TREE OF FREEDOM



THOMAS JEFFERSON

OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY IN BOOKS



I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO MY FLAG



Joe Flores, 10-year-old JR Cer,
is the youngest Red Cross volunteer
in the Tucson, Arizona Chapter. Every morning on his way to Miles School, Joe stops by the chapter house to put up the flags of the United States and of the Red Cross.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 37 FEBRUARY 1956 NUMBER 4

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Step by Step We Climb

WE TREASURE OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY

Our Flag

*When I put the flag away
At the end of some Flag Day,
I think of how the very stars
Are emblems on this flag of ours!
And how the stripes of white on red
Remind me of the heroes, dead,
Who fought to save our lovely land
From cruel reign at the evil hand
Of those who sought to rule as kings!*

*Do you ever think these things?
I think you should, for, after all,
(Though may our country never fall,
And liberty eternal be)
The curse of war we soon may see!
We'll need the flag to spur us on
To heights never dreamed in years agone,
And our own Lady Liberty
To light the path of Democracy!*

—BARBARA GILLETTE—8th Grade
Edison Junior High School
Tulsa County Chapter, Okla.

We Believe

From "The Articles of Faith," written by Mr. L. D. MacIntyre, comes this strong statement:

"We believe that all children of this earth are brothers and we shall not recognize any barriers of race, color, class, or creed to set them apart, one from the other."

As members of the Red Cross, we know that our emblem is a symbol of a great worldwide brotherhood. You remember it was Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross, who said that "All men are brothers."

No washcloths, please!

In the playlet "Gift Boxes Go Traveling," (November NEWS, page 8) please substitute another item for "Washcloth," such as thread and needles or a toy. Washcloths are too bulky for gift boxes. We are sorry we made the mistake of including "Washcloth" in this play!

LOIS S. JOHNSON, *editor.*

Ben Franklin... America's Pride

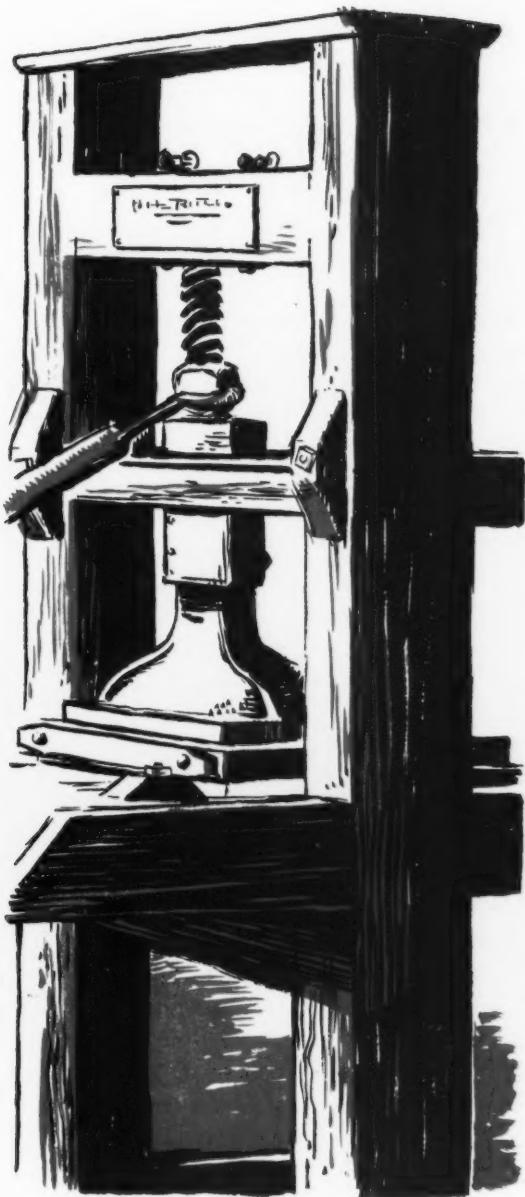


James Franklin at first did not know that the popular "Mrs. Dogood" stories were the work of his younger brother.

This story by HELEN REEDER CROSS tells about one of our country's greatest men; 1956 is his 250th birthday year. All of America will honor him with celebrations and speeches. A new postage stamp and a bronze medal bearing his picture have already been issued.

IT WAS THE YEAR 1716 in the town of Boston, Massachusetts. The 14 members of the Franklin family sat at the supper table. The meal was special that night, for Benjamin had caught a large codfish down by the wharf on the Charles River.

"An excellent fish it is, too," Josiah Franklin nodded approvingly. "It goes well with



your mother's bread sauce. But what else have you to show for this day, my son? I did not see you cutting wicks with your brothers and sisters in the tallow shop. It takes many candles and the work of many hands to provide for so large a family. All must do their share."

"True, I did not work at the shop this day,

Father. But I taught Samantha how to swim. I caught the codfish for our supper. And I counted ten sailing vessels coming into Boston harbor in one day!" Benjamin's eyes shone at the thought of those tall white sails billowing in the wind. "If only you would let me go to sea, Father," he hurried on eagerly. "I would far rather be a sailor than to spend my life dipping tallow candles."

The other children looked startled at this rash idea. Mistress Franklin shook her head firmly.

"There is more to being a sailor than fishing, than swimming like a dolphin, and gazing at the water from a wharf, my son," she said. "A sailor's life is a hard life." She turned to her husband.

"Something must be done about Benjamin," she urged. "It is not right that a great boy of 10 years should spend a life of day-dreams. Two years at the Latin school have filled his silly head with foolish thoughts. When he is not at the docks he is forever idly reading books."

"Since the tallow trade is not to your liking, son, we shall find something that is," Master Franklin decided as he rose from the table.

So the matter was decided. The next morning his father took Ben by the hand and walked the streets of Boston in search of work for the boy.

They visited the smithy with its loud clang of pounding on hot metal. They stopped at the baker's where they smelled loaves fresh and brown from the oven. They visited the silversmith's where apprentices were learning to mold goblets and buckles of shining silver or pewter. Last, they went to the printing shop of Benjamin's older brother, James. Here the smell was of hot ink. Apprentices were busily setting type for next week's newspaper.

"If I cannot go to sea, this work would please me, Father," Ben decided. He looked at the tempting row of books stacked against the wall. Perhaps there would be time for reading. "At the Latin school I was said to be a good speller," he added. "Perhaps I can

learn to print a paper of my own some day."

So it was decided. Ben was apprenticed to his brother to learn the printing trade. He was pleased with the work. He set type, carted the finished papers through the streets in a wheelbarrow, ran countless errands. Not content with this, Ben studied at night and practiced writing articles of his own.

When he was 16 he signed some of those with the name "Mrs. Silence Dogood" and slipped them under the editor's door. His brother thought them interesting enough to print in his paper. Many readers liked "Mrs.

Dogood's" stories. Soon everyone in Boston wondered who the writer was.

One day Benjamin could not keep his secret another minute. He told James that he was "Mrs. Silence Dogood." His brother was shocked that he had been fooled by a mere boy. Perhaps he was even a little jealous that his younger brother could write better than he, a printer by trade. After that he began finding fault with Ben's work. There were many hot quarrels between the brothers. One day when he was 17 years old, Benjamin decided to run away and try his luck in New York.

The boy must have questioned the wisdom of leaving his family and home. He had very little money in his pocket and no promise of a job. Still, Ben Franklin set sail from Boston harbor with high spirits. But in New York there was no work at the print shops. There was nothing to do but set out on foot down the dusty turnpike to Philadelphia

Ben arrived in the largest city of all the colonies early one morning. He was tired, dirty, and very hungry. As he walked by a baker's shop he smelled the tantalizing fragrance of fresh bread. It was more than he could resist. So Benjamin offered the baker his last three pennies and asked for a roll. To his amazement the man gave him three huge buns, each as long as a loaf of bread!

Years later when an old man, Franklin wrote for his children and grandchildren the story of what happened next. He described how he must have looked that morning—coat wrinkled and dusty, hair untidy, boots muddy. His pockets bulged with an extra shirt and some thick woolen stockings.

What a funny picture the youth made! He walked down the main street of the bustling city, munching one enormous roll and balancing another under each arm. As luck would have it, at that awkward moment a pretty girl opened the door of her house and looked out. Perhaps it was rude of her, but who could have helped laughing at the strange-looking boy? He saw her smile and blushed with shame.



Illustrated by Ursula Koering

Young Ben Franklin walked along the streets of Philadelphia munching an enormous roll.

Luckily for Ben, Philadelphia needed printers. He soon found a good job. It was not long before the young man was cutting a better figure than on that lonely first day in the city. He worked hard and continued to study. What is more, he bought some handsome new clothes—knee breeches, a red waistcoat, ruffled shirt, and a fashionable white curled wig!

Before long Benjamin Franklin bought his own printing shop, married Miss Deborah Reed (the same pretty girl who had laughed at him from her front door), and had children of his own. He had many friends and became a highly respected citizen of Philadelphia.

Most men would have been content to "live happily ever after" in a quiet way. Not Franklin. He was a man of many talents with a lively curiosity and a finger in many pies. Scientific discoveries were just attracting attention. Electricity especially fascinated printer Franklin. He set up a crude laboratory and began making bold and often dangerous experiments right in his home. Poor Mrs. Franklin never knew what strange things would happen next in her best parlor.

One evening her husband gave an unusual party which his guests never forgot. The host planned to kill a turkey with electricity, then roast and serve it to his friends. First he set up two glass bottles containing what he called "electric fire." These were connected by a wire, which was also attached to the turkey. But something went wrong. Instead of shocking the turkey, the electricity gave Franklin a terrific jolt. He was knocked unconscious. When he recovered, however, the scientist's sense of humor saved the day.

"I meant to kill a turkey," he told his guests, laughing at himself. "Instead I almost killed a goose!" Later Benjamin Franklin was the first man in the world to prove (with the help of an ordinary kite and a metal key) that the lightning of a summer thunderstorm is the same thing as man-made electricity, only more powerful.

In colonial days there were almost no books printed in the new land of America. But there



Benjamin Franklin was a man of many talents. His Poor Richard's Almanac has been printed in many languages.

were almanacs. Each printer issued an almanac every year. In it he put weather prophecies, the time of the new and full moon, recipes for the housewife, riddles for the children, gardening hints. Everyone, no matter how poor, managed to buy an almanac once a year. It was so useful. Besides, it cost only threepence a copy.

Like all printers, Benjamin Franklin published an almanac. He called his **Poor Richard's**. He put in it all the usual things and a great many more. Here was a chance, he thought, to give the colonists something to think about besides their troubles and the weather. So he filled **Poor Richard's Almanac**

with bright sayings, with jokes and rules for living. Clever things like:

"The cat in gloves catches no mice."

"Little strokes fell great oaks."

"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

You have heard many of these, for **Poor Richard** has been printed for more than 200 years, over and over again, and in many languages. Children of many lands learn Poor Richard's wise rules for living. No wonder Ben Franklin's almanac became the most popular one in all the colonies.

In Franklin's day, life in even a large city like Philadelphia was very crude. As he looked around, this remarkable man saw many things which would make life pleasanter and safer. He invented a new kind of stove, the lightning rod, and a musical instrument which he called a "harmonica."

In the middle of a very busy life he still managed to organize the first hospital and police force in America. Besides starting the first fire brigade, he formed an insurance company to pay for a new house in case a man's home burned down. And because he loved books, he started the first library in all the colonies.

It doesn't seem possible that one man could have done so many things. Ben Franklin even tried being a soldier and was a fine one at that.

All this time the colonists had been growing more and more unhappy under the rule of England's king. At about this time Franklin spent several years in London. There he tried to persuade King George to be more friendly to the American colonies. But he was unsuccessful with the greedy ruler.

You know what happened next. It was 1776. There was the famous Boston Tea Party. A few Minutemen fired a round of shots at Bunker Hill. Before anyone quite realized it, we were at war with England.

Because he was known to be one of the cleverest men in the colonies, Benjamin Franklin was asked to help write the Declaration of Independence. If you visit Washington, D. C. today you may see this famous

paper kept carefully under glass. Thousands of Americans every year view it with pride. There is the name "Ben Franklin," just as the great man penned it with a flourish.

By this time he was an old man. Benjamin Franklin could not fight for his country in the Revolution. Instead, he was asked to go to the court of France to win that country's help in the American struggle for freedom.

There is an amusing story about his first visit to the palace of the French king. Now that he was 70 years old, Dr. Franklin (for this was his title now) no longer cared for fine clothes. His friends begged him to wear a handsome suit and the frilled shirt and curled wig that were the fashion.

"No one would dare enter the court of the king of France in anything less!" they urged him. But Benjamin Franklin dared. He shocked everyone by appearing at court in an old plain brown suit. His own gray hair was neatly combed but uncurled. He even wore his spectacles, a thing that was never done in public!

What is even more amazing, the king did not mind. He was glad to honor this fine old man whose fame had spread across the sea. Thanks to Dr. Franklin, France came to the aid of the struggling colonies. It gave money and soldiers to help win America's freedom.

When the Revolution ended, Franklin was one of those who signed the Constitution of the new United States. His dream of a land where men might live freely and happily together had come true.

The famous man spent his last years in Philadelphia, honored and loved by young and old. Today, 250 years since his first birthday, Franklin would be amazed at all the changes in America. As a scientist and inventor he would be fascinated with the electricity that lights our homes. How he would marvel at the automobile, telephone, radio, and television!

But more than anything else, Benjamin Franklin would be glad to know that his wonderful country and ours is still the land of the free.

THE END



World Wide Photo

President Eisenhower's grandchildren, David, Susan, and Barbara, enjoy a pony cart ride at his farm near Gettysburg, Pa., while the President and his son, Major John Eisenhower, the children's father, look on. The President's fourth grandchild, Mary Jean, was born December 21, 1955.

Children in the White House

by FRANCES CAVANAH

WHEN President Eisenhower's three young grandchildren visit the White House, we hear about their visit on TV or radio. Pictures of 7-year-old David, taken with his younger sisters, Barbara Ann and Susan, have appeared in many newspapers and magazines. They are America's "first children," just as their grandmother is America's "first lady," and the American people are interested in everything they do.

Americans have shown the same warm

friendly interest in the families of our earlier Presidents. Fourteen of our Chief Executives had sons or daughters who were under 16 when their fathers first went to the White House to live. Several others had grandchildren or nieces or nephews. These children romped over the big grounds, played baseball, had pets, hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and played games like other boys and girls their age.

The White House grounds were overrun



Library of Congress
**President Abraham Lincoln
and his son, Tad.**

with boys when General Ulysses S. Grant was President. Jesse, his 11-year-old son, organized a secret club called the K.F.R. No one but the members knew the real meaning of those mysterious letters. The President, however, called the club the "Kick, Fight, and Run Society."

Tad and Willie Lincoln liked to stage "shows" in the White House attic. They used sheets for curtains, and sometimes they dressed up in Mrs. Lincoln's clothes. Once Tad needed a pair of spectacles for his part in a play. And so he borrowed his father's—when his father wasn't looking.

Perhaps no children ever aroused as much interest as President Theodore Roosevelt's big and lively family. They had a regular menagerie of pets. One time when Archie Roosevelt was sick, his brothers led his pony into the White House elevator and smuggled it into the lonely little master's bedroom. Many people chuckled when they read this story in their newspapers. They also liked to read about the late-evening pillow fights in which the President took part.

Theodore Roosevelt was not the first President who entered wholeheartedly into the children's good times. George Washington adored his lovely young adopted daughter, Nelly Custis. She could always make him laugh when she mimicked some of the pompous people who came to see him.

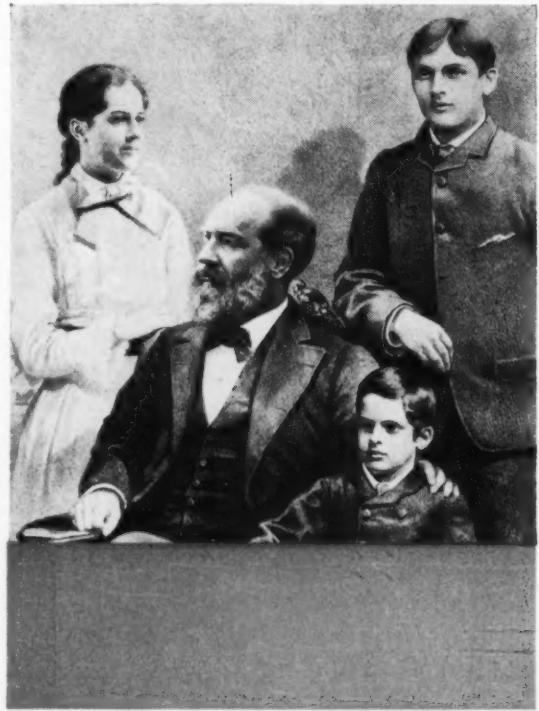
John Adams, the Vice President under Washington, was a doting grandfather. Though stout and roly-poly, he was willing to oblige when his small grandson, Johnny Smith, wanted to play "horse." Getting down on hands and knees, he would allow himself to be harnessed to an overturned kitchen chair. Johnny would then clamber aboard his "carriage," and giggle and shout as his staid grandpa pulled it across the parlor carpet.

There are many other stories of our Presidents' delight in playing with the youngsters. Thomas Jefferson's grandchildren were frequent visitors at the President's House, as it was then called. He often took time from a busy day to keep score for them when they ran races on the lawn.

When General Andrew Jackson became President, the four small Donelsons, children of his nephew, lived with him.

President John Garfield and his family.

Library of Congress



United Press Photo

This family portrait of President Roosevelt, with five of his grandchildren, was taken on Inauguration Day, January 20, 1945.



"The playroom," said one of them years later, "was near the President's room. His bed, a high four-post carved mahogany with heavy damask curtains, was reached by carpeted steps, and we children dearly loved to scamper up and down. . . . He often rose early and went with us to Jackson (now Lafayette) Square for a game of mumble-the-peg. And occasionally, when supposed to be wrestling with state problems, he might have been found in our playroom, joining in some impromptu romp."

Some years later, Abraham Lincoln used to romp up and down the upstairs hall of the White House carrying Tad on his shoulders.

Andrew Johnson liked to bundle his two sets of grandchildren into the President's carriage and go for a picnic in Rock Creek Park. There they would take off their shoes and stockings and wade in the brook.

A doorman at the White House once surprised President James Garfield in the act of turning handsprings with his sons.

It was President Rutherford Hayes who started the custom of Easter egg rolling on the White House lawn, and his two youngest children shared in the fun.

Another time a runaway goat dashed out

of the White House grounds, with a cart clattering along behind it. In the cart sat "Baby McKee," the 3-year-old grandson of Benjamin Harrison. And down Pennsylvania Avenue, a stout, bewhiskered President dashed to the rescue.

Whenever there have been boys and girls living in the White House, it has seemed more like home—an average home. Being President of the United States is probably the hardest job in the world. Our Presidents, like other parents and grandparents, have found comfort and pleasure in the younger members of their families.

Abraham Lincoln's burdens did not seem quite so heavy because Tad was with him. During the darkest days of World War II, President Franklin D. Roosevelt had thirteen adoring grandchildren who trooped in and out of the big rooms.

Thomas Jefferson was homesick whenever his grandchildren returned to their own homes in Virginia. "It is in the love of one's family only," he wrote to his daughter, "that heartfelt happiness is known."

Every President from George Washington to Dwight D. Eisenhower would probably have agreed with him.

THE END

Our Country's History in Books



Selected by Elizabeth H. Gross
Coordinator of Work with Children
Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Md.

The people in these books, whether real or imaginary, possessed of courage, vision, and integrity of spirit, have helped make America great. All titles are pictured on our NEWS cover this month, except those listed under "Other American Territory," because of lack of space. Below the titles are listed by date.

PREHISTORIC TIMES—*Prehistoric America*, by Anne T. White (Random, 1951). The amazing story of the plant and animal life found on this continent before the days of the Indians.

1620-21, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS—*The Thanksgiving Story*, by Alice Dalgliesh (Scribner, 1954). The feast with Massasoit and members of his Indian tribe made a fine ending to an exciting voyage and settling in a new country.

1706-1790, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—*A Bird in the Hand*, illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham (Macmillan, 1951). Benjamin Franklin as writer and printer lives through many of these familiar sayings from his Almanac.

1755-1763, CONNECTICUT—*Hay-Foot, Straw-Foot*, by Erick Berry (Viking, 1954). During the French and Indian War, quick-witted Si drummed his way into the American army to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

1743-1826, THOMAS JEFFERSON—*Thomas Jefferson*, by Clara I. Judson (Follett, 1952). As a young boy, Thomas Jefferson discovered the little mountain that was to house famous Monticello. From here he served his country and the world as statesman, architect, and inventor.

1769-1823, CALIFORNIA MISSIONS—*The Mission Bell*,

by Leo Politi (Scribner, 1953). The trail that Father Serra trod to found the missions in California was filled with hardships.

1735-1818, PAUL REVERE—*America's Paul Revere*, by Esther Forbes (Houghton, 1946). Beautiful pictures help recreate the stirring times in which lived one of America's greatest patriots.

1732-1799, GEORGE WASHINGTON—*George Washington*, by Ingri and Edgar P. D'Aulaire (Doubleday, 1936). A picture-story book about Washington from his birth in a small brick cottage to his inauguration as the first President of the United States.

1780, NORTH CAROLINA TO KENTUCKY—*Tree of Freedom*, by Rebecca Caudill (Viking, 1949). Stephenie's apple seed carried from Carolina to her new home in Kentucky became a symbol of freedom and beauty for the families pioneering the frontier.

1800, MASSACHUSETTS TO MAINE—*Away Goes Sally*, by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan, 1949). In 1800, it was quite a lark for Sally to travel from Massachusetts to Maine in a little house on runners drawn by twelve strong oxen.

1779-1831, ZEBULON PIKE—*Pike of Pike's Peak*, by Nina B. Baker (Harcourt, 1953). Soldier, diplomat, and explorer Zebulon Pike pioneered much of the

territory included in the Louisiana Purchase and discovered, though never climbed, the famous mountain which bears his name.

1787-1812, SACAJAWEA—Winged Moccasins, by Frances J. Farnsworth (Messner, 1954). With her baby strapped upon her back the beautiful Indian girl, Sacajawea, guided the Lewis and Clark expedition across the plains of America.

1812, FORT McHENRY—A Flag for the Fort, by Carl Carmer (Messner, 1952). Caroline Pickersgill not only worked upon the flag that flew over Fort McHenry, but she and her friend Sam discovered some cannon that helped the Americans win that famous battle.

1822-1880, SANTE FE TRAIL—Tree in the Trail, by Holling C. Holling (Houghton, 1942). A young cottonwood saw history made first as a "tree of peace" for the Indians and later as a yoke for oxen traveling the Santa Fe trail.

1844, OREGON TRAIL—On to Oregon, by Honoré Morrow (Morrow, 1926). Courageous 13-year-old John Sager brought his brothers and sisters by covered wagon through two thousand miles of wilderness to safety in Oregon.

1809-1865, ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Abraham Lincoln, by Genevieve Foster (Scribner, 1950). The simply told life story of one of America's great Presidents.

1864, WISCONSIN FRONTIER—Caddie Woodlawn, by Carol R. Brink (Macmillan, 1952). Twelve-year-old Caddie's night ride to warn her Indian friends prevented a threatened massacre of the Indians by the white settlers.

1840-1900, NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, MINNESOTA, ALABAMA—They Were Strong and Good, by Robert Lawson (Viking, 1940). Although they were neither rich nor famous the grandparents and parents of a small boy were the kind of people who have made America great.

1840?-1904, JOSEPH, CHIEF—Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, by Shannon Garst (Messner, 1953). Danger, treachery, and defeat followed Joseph as he sought to lead his people to shelter and safety on land in Idaho promised them by the U.S. Government.

ABOUT 1812, WISCONSIN—Little House in the Big Woods, by Laura I. Wilder (Harper, 1932). The first of a series about Laura and her loving and plucky family as they pioneered through the mid-west establishing a permanent home.

1864-1943, GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER—Carver's George, by Florence C. Means (Houghton, 1952). In his rise from poverty to fame as one of the world's great scientists George Washington Carver remained always a man of great dignity and simplicity.

1901, MICHIGAN—Crissy at the Wheel, by Mildred Lawrence (Harcourt, 1952). Everyone in town thought Crissy and her father were crazy to work so hard selling those new and dangerous "horseless carriages."

1906, SAN FRANCISCO—Shaken Days, by Marion Garthwaite (Messner, 1952). Megan's shaken days beginning with an explosion and ending with the San Francisco earthquake brought her a new-found courage.

1930's, MIDDLE WEST TO CALIFORNIA—Blue Willow, by Doris Gates (Viking, 1948). The blue willow plate was the symbol to Janey of the home she had lost when dust storms covered the Larkin farm and of the new one she hoped to find in California.

PRESENT-DAY SOUTHWEST—In My Mother's House, by Ann Nolan Clark (Viking, 1941). The family life and the day-to-day adventures that are part of an Indian child's life in the Southwest.

WASHINGTON-EISENHOWER—Story of the Presidents, by Maud and Miska Petersham (Macmillan, 1953). Brief life stories with many pictures of the 33 men from Washington to Eisenhower, who have helped guide America.

OTHER AMERICAN TERRITORY

ALASKA—Picture Story of Alaska, by Hester O'Neill (McKay, 1951). A land of varied contrasts whose history, development, and future are presented vividly through text and numerous illustrations.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—Hawaii, Gem of the Pacific, by Oscar Lewis (Random, 1954). The fascinating story of these islands whose strategic position, culture, and climate make them so important to the growth of the United States.

PUERTO RICO—Getting to Know Puerto Rico, by Regina Tor (Coward, 1955). An introduction to the history, traditions, and customs of the island, and to the important "Operation Bootstrap" which it is hoped will provide better living for all the people of Puerto Rico.

Manaluk's Gold Rush

An Alaskan story by
MARION HOLLAND, illustrated
by William Hutchinson

MANALUK WAS MAKING the rounds of one of the trap lines with his father, Gitnoo. They had started early that morning, in the long shadowless twilight of the Arctic night. Now, although it was barely mid-afternoon, the sun was already touching the mountain peaks in the west.

It had been a bad winter for trappers. Gitnoo had never had so few skins to carry down to the trading post and barter for the things they needed for the coming year. They reached the last trap, and it, too, was empty; the bait was gone and the trap was sprung.

While Gitnoo reset the trap, Manaluk sat on the hand sled and thought about all the things they needed from the store. Cartridges. Kerosene. And his mother wanted a real glass window for the dark little log-and-earth cabin.

And, more than anything else in the world, Manaluk wanted paper and crayons. For one whole winter, Manaluk had gone to the government school in the little settlement down the river. Perhaps he would have learned to read better if he had not spent so much time drawing pictures of foxes and rabbits. Yes, Manaluk wanted paper and crayons. And canned peaches. He had only tasted canned peaches once in his whole life.

He squinted far across the valley at the red sun. "Tomorrow," he thought, "the sun will stay longer. And the next day, longer still. And suddenly it will be summer." Already the floor of the valley was blue with shadow, and the frozen river was only a darker streak on the snow.

Manaluk pulled at his father's sleeve, and





pointed. "Look! Down on the river, a man! See, now he falls down again!"

Gitnoo looked, then he tightened the thongs of his snowshoes. "Bring the sled," he called, and started down the slope in long zigzags. Manaluk gave the sled a push that sent it careening ahead of him; then he sat down on the seat of his caribou skin pants and slid. He and his father reached the stranger and the stranger's overturned sled at the same time.

The stranger was a white man with a straggling white beard. Like Manaluk and his father, he was dressed in a fur parka and caribou leggings, but he was soaking wet from head to foot. And to remain in wet clothing at 40 degrees below zero is to freeze to death very quickly.

Gitnoo hauled the man's parka, already freezing stiff, off over his head, then he stripped off his own parka and put it on the stranger. The wet leggings Gitnoo had to cut off with his skinning knife. He snatched a fur robe from the stranger's sled and wrapped him in it.

Manaluk fetched their own light sled, and his father bundled the stranger onto it. "Get behind and push," he ordered, and taking the sled thongs in his hands, he ran for home.

Manaluk knew what must have happened. He had been warned often enough, himself, to look out for overflow ice. When the river freezes solid at any point, the dammed-up water breaks through and refreezes on top of the old ice. This old man must have crashed through a thin sheet of overflow ice and stumbled in the shallow water beneath it.

They reached home, and Gitnoo carried the stranger into the cabin. The potbellied stove was glowing hot, and Manaluk's mother, Maruk, was stirring a pot of delicious-smelling stew. Manaluk took a bowl of stew onto his bunk with him, where he could watch and listen. But the hot food, on top of the long day in the cold air, was too much for him; in

**"Look! Down on the river a man! See,
now he falls down again!"**

about 3 minutes Manaluk was sound asleep.

When he woke up, he could see nothing of the stranger except a few locks of white hair at one end of a roll of caribou blankets. Strangers of any sort were rare and exciting, and this stranger was Manaluk's own discovery. Manaluk could hardly wait until he was strong enough to sit up and talk. But he had to wait for 3 days. Meantime, they called the old man Oomik, which means "whiskers," and Maruk set about making him a new pair of caribou leggings, using the old pair for a pattern.

One morning, Oomik sat up and looked at Manaluk with his strange blue eyes and smiled. Manaluk smiled back, shyly, and they were friends at once. The old man said his name was Jim, so they called him Oomik Jim. He could talk Manaluk's language a little, and Manaluk remembered a few words of English from his year at school. They talked. And when they ran out of words, Manaluk got out his precious pencil stub and some paper labels from tin cans, and they drew pictures for each other.

For a whole week, Oomik Jim sat in the warm bunk and ate and talked; and Manaluk listened with shining eyes. His mother, busy with her sewing, saw that it was doing the old man good, and let them alone.

Years ago, Oomik Jim had come to Alaska during one of the many gold rushes, to make his fortune. He kept on, year after year, panning the streams for gold, and each year he made about enough to outfit himself for the next year; and each year he was sure that the next year would be the lucky one.

One day Oomik Jim stood up and declared that he was "plumb rested up and plumb talked out." He tried on the new leggings. "Finest fittin' britches I ever set down in," he assured Maruk, and she beamed with pleasure.

Gitnoo overhauled the old man's sled until it was as good as new; and Oomik Jim collected his little pile of belongings and began to make pack. He had lived in the country long enough to know that it would be an insult to offer to pay for having his life saved;

but it would be all right to give presents. He rummaged through his things and found a little "housewife," with needles and thread, for Maruk. To Gitnoo he gave a waterproof match box, and to Manaluk, a small notebook with many blank pages.

"To draw pictures in," he explained. As an afterthought, he handed the boy a shallow pan, such as prospectors use. "Now you can be a gold miner. Pan for gold. Catch on?"

Manaluk caught on. When he returned from waving good-by to Oomik Jim, his mother had put the pan with her cooking things.

"This is mine," he said. "Oomik Jim gave it to me."

"Oomik Jim made a mistake," said his mother. "Pans are for women."

"This is a miner's pan," he said fiercely. "A man's pan. It is mine." He carried the pan outside and hid it in deep snow under a big rock.

Spring came on with a rush. The river was still frozen, but patches of bare ground began to appear on the southern slopes. Gitnoo stored his traps and took his few skins down river to the trading post while there was still snow for the dog sled. When he returned, Manaluk knew better than to ask about such things as crayons or paper.

Then came the big thaw, and deep mud everywhere. Manaluk moaned around the house, and had to be reminded about fetching water and feeding the dogs. He asked his father: "Why do you never go about looking for gold? That is the way to be very rich. Oomik Jim told me."

"I am a trapper and a hunter," replied Gitnoo proudly. "I have watched many white men looking for gold. They run about the country as if they were mad. They starve to death with game all around them. They freeze to death because they have not enough sense to keep warm. There are fewer of them now, and that is a good thing."

At last, summer arrived in earnest. The sun shone day and night, the mud dried out, and Maruk planted the garden. It was Mana-



Squatting on his heels, Manaluk scooped up panfuls of gravel and mud.

luk's task to weed the onions, turnips, and cabbages; but the weeds grew merrily while Manaluk disappeared day after day. He took his fishing pole with him, and brought back no fish. He took a basket with him, and brought back no berries.

Day after day, he took his shiny pan from its hiding place and hurried off to look for gold. He worked his way up and down the river; he explored little streams in the side valleys. Squatting on his heels, he scooped up panfuls of gravel and mud, and patiently sloshed the pan around until only the heaviest stuff was left. But the glitter that would mean gold was never there.

At home he became more and more absent-minded and irritable. His parents stopped being angry and began to worry. Lying awake in his bunk, he overheard them talking about him.

"He looks, and sees nothing. He listens, and

hears nothing," said his father. "Have you given him medicine?"

"It is a sickness of the mind, not the body," replied his mother. "We must ask the anagok to come."

"The anagok is powerful," admitted his father. "But if he cures the boy, we must give him whatever he asks in payment. Try one more thing. Try a large dose of the strong medicine from the store."

Manaluk thought of the bottle of castor oil on the shelf, and shuddered. He lay awake a long time, thinking, and before he went to sleep, he had almost decided to give up being a gold miner and become a mighty hunter and trapper instead.

When he woke up, he ran quickly to the garden and set to work. Weeds flew in every direction, and so did a few turnips and onions. Then he dashed into the house for his fishing tackle, and out again, before his mother could

reach for the castor oil bottle. "I will bring some fine fish for dinner," he called back, and set off up the river.

He followed a side stream up a valley. The sun was hot on his shoulders, and he walked ankle-deep in blue forget-me-nots and golden poppies. Why, he had almost forgotten to notice how beautiful summer was. Most summers he could hardly get enough of looking and listening and smelling before the cold and the dark closed in again. And here was a summer, half gone already, and he had not enjoyed one single minute of it.

The stream deepened into a little pool, surrounded by boulders, and Manaluk began to fish. Little flat bugs skittered across the water, and for a long time he did not get even a nibble. Suddenly the rod bent double in his hands; he had hooked the granddaddy of them all! Leaning over the water, he began to reel in his line. Then his foot slipped; he hit the surface with a splash and the icy water closed over his head.

He stood up, spluttering, in water chest deep. He had lost his fish, and, worse, than that, he had lost his good fishing rod. It might be castor oil for him, after all, if he went home without it. He groped along the bottom and brought up nothing but a handful of muddy gravel. He flung it at a boulder and it splattered in all directions. A shaft of sunlight touched something that glittered.

He hauled himself out, dripping, and stared at the glittering thing. Yes. This was it. Just like Oomik Jim's pictures, a little nugget of pure gold. How heavy it was, for its size!

Manaluk's teeth were chattering with cold. He stripped off his wet overalls and spread them to dry. Then he lay down on the warm boulder with the nugget in his hand, and thought and thought.

He thought about Gitnoo, his father, who could stalk a mountain sheep like a shadow, and take his boat through the wildest rapids, and care for himself and his dogs in the fiercest blizzard. He thought about himself, Manaluk. What tales of adventure could he

tell, during the long dark winters, if he spent his life dabbling in muddy water with a little pan? Pans are for women.

He made up his mind, for good. He would give the shiny pan to his mother, and he would become the greatest hunter and trapper in the valley, like his father. The water had settled, and his fishing pole was in plain sight, on the bottom. He grappled it up, put on his dry overalls, and set off down the valley, whistling, with his pole on his shoulder and his gold nugget in his pocket. Because even a mighty hunter can keep a gold nugget if he happens to find one.

He began thinking what he would say to his mother:

"The store man will weigh this on the little scales, and I will tell him what I want. First, a whole box of cartridges. Then the little window with the glass panes. Next, a whole pile of paper and a box of crayons, all colors. And last of all—no, first of all—a whole can of peaches. I will ask the store man to open it, and I will eat it, every bite, myself!"

Manaluk put his hand over the nugget in his pocket, and began to run.

THE END



VALENTINE COOKIES of all kinds and sizes are made each year by pupils of School 84, Buffalo, N.Y., for the Lutheran Home for the Aged.

Animals One By One

Calico dogs and gingham cats, oilcloth monkeys and percale bats—one by one, stuffed toys made by JRCers, bring joy to children in hospitals and in other lands.

ONE LITTLE ELEPHANT

I know a little elephant,
He isn't real, you know.
But he's the cutest little thing,
And he's made of calico.

He doesn't live in the jungle,
He doesn't live far away.
I know he'll never hurt you,
For he was made for play.

He's made of gayest plaid
With great big floppy ears,
He never will look sad,
And he never will have tears.

I'll never, never see him,
Not another single day
For he'll be sent to other children
Who live far, far away.

—MARION CHIANESE
Lincoln School,
Youngstown, Ohio

Papalia Photo
Gay cats, lions, and dogs are fashioned by
fifth graders at Elmwood Avenue School, East
Orange, N.J.



News Gazette Photo
Stuffed animals made by JRCers of Rantoul Junior High, Urbana, Ill., bring cheer to a little patient.



Clever fingers at St. Joseph School, Pensacola, Fla., make toys for shut-ins.



FATHER OF THE FLAG

By MAY HALL THOMPSON

Illustrated by W. E. Tinker



"Can you make a flag, Mistress Ross?"

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the "Father of his Country," is also the father of our flag. From the red and silver bars on the Washington family coat-of-arms came the inspiration for the red and white stripes in the flag. Or so many historians say.

The coat-of-arms originally was a device embroidered on the cloth surcoat or camise which an armored knight wore over his armor. Since his face was covered by a visor in battle, the coat-of-arms was the only means of letting others know who he was. From this device the coat-of-arms evolved into a treasured badge of hereditary authority or prestige in England. Washington's family, who bore prestige, had a coat-of-arms. And this armorial bearing had red and white stripes in it.

During the Revolutionary War the colonies were all carrying their own banners or flags, which naturally caused confusion and certainly did not make for a united effect. Washington saw the need of one standard and decided to do something about it. No doubt his coat-of-arms with its striped effect influenced the design he made of the flag he had in mind. For it had stripes and he added stars to designate the number of colonies.

At that time there was a young woman named Betsy Ross, who was a seamstress and who did the work of embroidering George Washington's shirt ruffles. Born in 1752 into the Griscom family of Philadelphia, Betsy was apprenticed to an upholsterer at an early age. At 21 she married John Ross, also an upholsterer, and together they opened a shop on Arch Street. At the age of 24, when she was widowed, Betsy was already known as the best needle-woman in the city.

Therefore, it was almost inevitable that General George Washington would ask her to sew a flag for him. He and Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, who was Betsy's deceased husband's uncle, called upon her one day for assistance.

"Can you make a flag, Mistress Ross?" asked Mr. Washington.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I can try, sir."

Washington made known his ideas but Betsy didn't like all of them. For instance, she didn't like the stars scattered all over the field the way Washington had in mind. She also thought a five-pointed star prettier than the six-pointed one which had been used in the rough design.

"But I understand a five-pointed star is very hard to make," said General Washington.

"I'll show you," was the reply.

With that Betsy folded a piece of paper in a special way and, with one snip of her scissors, turned out a perfect star. Since she could draw freehand she swiftly drew the stars into a circle on the canton of the flag next to the staff. The committee liked her effect much better, so the stars were then rearranged.

Now the colors must be decided upon definitely and Washington's ideas prevailed. There would be red and white stripes such as he had in mind with white stars in a blue background. Thus most of Washington's ideas were used in the making of the first flag.

This flag was tried out on a ship on the Delaware commanded by John Paul Jones, and on June 14, 1777, was formally adopted by the Continental Congress.

Though more stars have been added, the flag is still much the same—our own Old Glory, the Red, White, and Blue. It marches down the avenues, it ripples against the sky, it hangs in windows, and floats over buildings and ships. It is the symbol of our national unity, our national endeavor, our national aspiration. And it honors not only our country, but its first president—George Washington, father of our country and our flag.

YOUR FLAG AND MINE

*Our Flag is for our country.
It stands for what we think.
It stands for
Peace of mind,
Freedom of speech,
Our choice of church—
Our Flag, the Red, White, and Blue,
Freedom for all.*

BRUCE CHASSY
Campus Laboratory School
San Diego, California



By **SHARON ROSE ZAGOR**
11 years of age
Omaha, Nebraska

WHAT SHALL WE DO?" asked Donna in a lazy tone. She looked over at her twin sister, Debbie, who was lying on the grass. But Debbie didn't hear her; she was busy watching the birds.

It was a warm summer day. Both the twins were out on the grass in their front yard. They were 12 years old, tall with short brown hair and brown eyes.

Suddenly Debbie sat up very fast. "Let's give a carnival!" she said in an excited voice.

"A carnival?" repeated Donna, not taking much interest.

"Yes, Dad could build booths, and we could have a side show."

"And refreshments," interrupted Donna.

"And a fish pond," continued Debbie, jumping up.

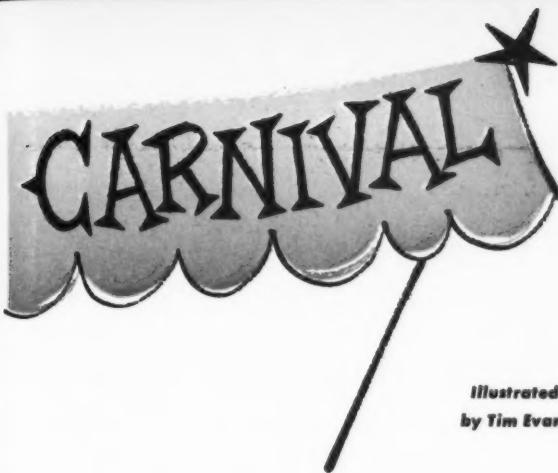
"Oh, how much fun we could have," grinned Donna, also jumping up.

"Let's go ask mother right away, if we can have one," said Debbie. The girls asked Mrs. Johnson and she said they could. And their dad said he would make booths. So the plans for the carnival started.

It was a hot day; the Johnson's backyard had booths and colorful decorations all around.

"Well," sighed Debbie, as she hung the last Chinese lantern, "I guess we're through!"

CARNIVAL



Illustrated
by Tim Evans

"Just in time, too," answered Donna, "Here come some children."

Sure enough the little girl that lived next door came walking into the yard. "Hi, Marilyn," Donna greeted her.

"Hi," she answered. Then children began coming by the dozen. Debbie and Donna were so busy they forgot everything.

"What shall we put the money in?" asked Donna.

"Mother gave me her carved jewelry box," answered Debbie.

"Oh, we better be careful with it then, it's Mother's best box," said Donna.

"I know," remarked Debbie. "I'll put it here on the ground under the weeping willow tree," said Donna.

"All right," answered Debbie, "nobody will see it there." Then they had to hurry back to their booths.

Later, as Donna was hurrying to put some money into the box, she saw Dickie, a little boy from next door, fall and skin his knee. Donna and Debbie had to help him home.

When Donna got back to the carnival, she went to put the money away. As she parted the weeping willow leaves, she gasped! The money box was gone!

"Debbie!" screamed Donna, "the money is gone!" Debbie came running.

"The money's gone! Are you sure?" she asked in a weak voice, as she sank to the ground.

"Yes," answered Donna, "positive."

"We must find the money," Debbie said in a quiet voice. "We must find the money and

Mother's box." But Donna ran out from under the tree and started running around going from one child to the next, asking whether they had seen the box. Nobody had.

"What shall we do?" asked Donna in a worried tone.

"I don't know," answered Debbie, "I'm worried sick about it."

"And Mother and Dad aren't home either," said Donna.

"Wait," Donna jumped up, "we haven't looked in the front yet."

Donna and Debbie ran toward the front, although both of them thought it was hopeless.

"Marilyn," said Donna in a puzzled voice, when they reached the front yard and saw their little next-door neighbor.

"Hello, Donna, hello, Debbie," said the little girl, "what's wrong?" But Debbie didn't hear her. She had rushed over and grabbed something that was in the little girl's hand.

"The box!" gasped Donna.

"Where did you get this?" said Debbie sternly.

"Under the tree," answered Marilyn.

"Why did you take it?" said Debbie still in a stern voice.

"Well," said Marilyn slowly, "it was such a pretty box, I thought I could keep my jewelry in it. You always let me play with your things and I was going to put it back as soon as I was through. I didn't think it was wrong. It wasn't wrong, was it, Donna?"

"No, Marilyn, it wasn't wrong," grinned Donna, as she bent down to hug the little girl. Debbie's face showed how relieved she was. She also bent down to hug Marilyn.

Then Donna and Debbie took the box into the house and began counting the carnival money. "How much did you make?" questioned the children that were gathered there.

"Eighteen dollars and fifty cents!" said Donna proudly.

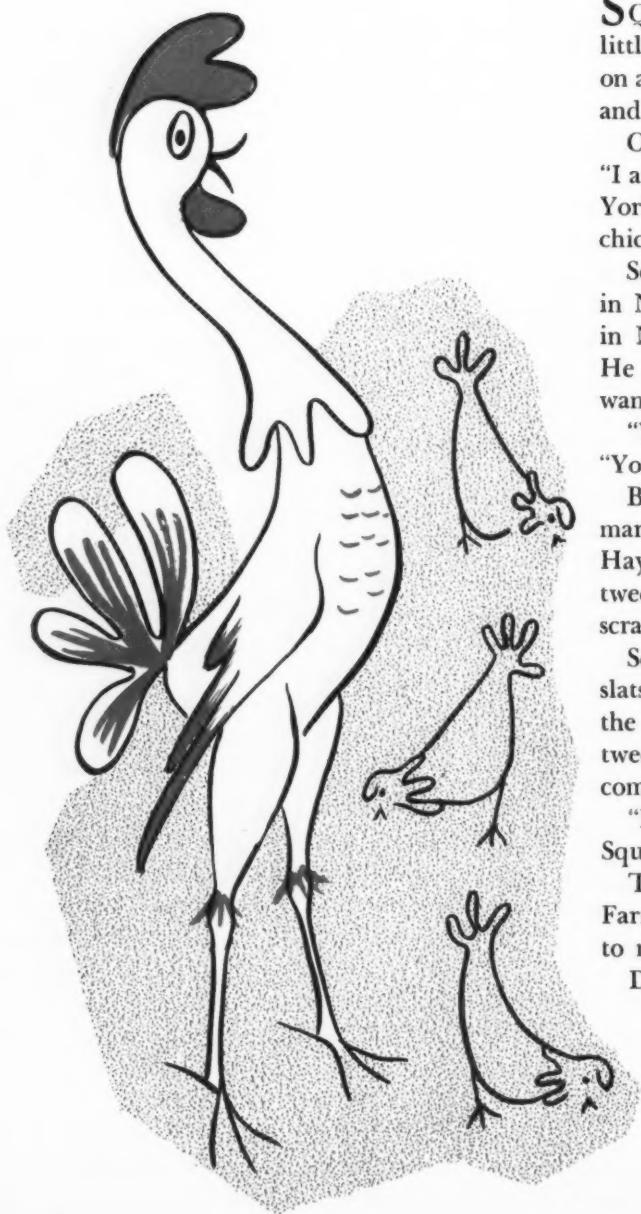
"Wow!" said the children.

"And we're going to give it to the cancer fund," said Debbie, very proudly.

And that was the end of a wonderful carnival, and the wonderful idea the twins had had.

Squawky

By JANE THAYER



SQUAWKY was a chicken. He was quite little. He was scrawny and squawky. He lived on a farm with his brother and sister chickens and chicken cousins.

One morning Mr. Hay, the farmer, said, "I am taking some chickens to market in New York. I will take these and these." He put the chickens into crates.

Squawky saw his cousins going to market in New York. He didn't know what market in New York was, but it sounded exciting. He rushed over to Farmer Hay and said, "I want to go to market in New York too!"

"You can't go, Squawky," said Farmer Hay. "You are too little. You are too scrawny."

But Squawky was so anxious to go to market in New York that the minute Farmer Hay's back was turned he stuck his head between the slats of one of the crates. He was so scrawny his head went right through.

Squawky squeezed one wing between the slats. He squeezed the other wing between the slats. He squeezed the rest of himself between the slats. And then he saw Mr. Hay coming back, ready to leave for New York.

"I am going to market in New York!" said Squawky, just delighted.

The crates were loaded onto a truck. Farmer Hay drove off to take the chickens to market in New York.

Down the shady country road they went.



Squawky looked out of his crate, and he thought going to market in New York was lovely.

Down the big highway they went. Squawky looked out of his crate, and the cars and trucks whizzing by made him dizzy. He thought, I don't like this much. He stuck his head between the slats. He was so scrawny that his head went right through.

Closer to New York they came. Squawky hated the cars and buses and trucks, the buildings and noises and smells. He began to think, "I don't want to go to market in New York." Finally he thought, "I want to go home!" He squeezed one wing between the slats.

They came to the Lincoln Tunnel. The Lincoln Tunnel is a long tunnel under the Hudson River with New Jersey on one side, New York on the other. Squawky's truck had to go through the tunnel.

Traffic was very heavy. Cars were going through the tunnel. Buses were buzzing through. Trucks were lumbering through. Cars, buses, trucks—roaring and snorting and echoing, spitting out smoke and gas, as they slowly moved through the long tunnel in two never-ending lines.

The noises and smells and all the big trucks so close scared Squawky to death. He thought, "I am going to get out of here and go home!" He squeezed his other wing between the slats of the crate.

Traffic in the tunnel had to stop for a minute. Squawky's truck had to stop. Suddenly Squawky said, "Here I go!"

He squeezed the rest of himself between the slats, flapped his wings, and landed on the road. He gave a loud squawk and headed for home.

Farmer Hay was facing the other way and did not see him. The policemen in the tunnel were watching the cars and did not see him. The drivers were driving and did not see him.

Traffic began to move. Squawky was running and flapping between the lines of cars.

"You can't go, Squawky," said Farmer Hay. "You are too little."



Illustrated by
Jean Hall

The moving cars and buses and trucks made him dizzier and dizzier. He almost ran into a tire. He nearly ran under a car. He fluttered up in the air as a wheel was about to run over him.

A little girl was kneeling on the back seat of a car. She looked out and saw Squawky. She said, "There's a chicken running."

"A chicken in the Lincoln Tunnel? Nonsense!" said her father.

The little girl said, "But I saw a chicken running!"

So her father stopped at the next policeman and shouted, "My little girl saw a chicken running in the tunnel."

"A chicken in the Lincoln Tunnel? Nonsense!" said the policeman.

The father said, "But she saw a chicken running! Do something before he gets killed."

So the policeman went to a telephone in the wall of the tunnel. He phoned the policeman back at the entrance of the tunnel. He said, "A little girl saw a chicken running in the tunnel."

"A chicken in the Lincoln Tunnel? Nonsense!" said the other policeman.

The first policeman said, "But she saw a chicken running! Catch him before he gets killed."

So the policeman at the entrance of the tunnel phoned all the policemen in the tunnel. "A chicken is running in the tunnel. Catch him when he goes by." He hung up before they could say, "Nonsense!"

Then he pushed a button. The green lights in the tunnel turned red. All the cars and trucks and buses stopped.

All the drivers called out to policemen along the way, "What's happened?"

The policemen called back, "A chicken is running in the tunnel."

The drivers said, "For goodness sake!" They craned their necks, looking for Squawky.

And suddenly, between the long lines of cars, came Squawky, stepping out, flapping his wings, squawking, and heading for home as fast as he could go!

A boy leaned out and cried, "Come on, Squawky!" A lady said, "Keep going Squawky!" A man called, "Attaboy, Squawky!"

The lights stayed red. The cars and trucks and buses stood still. All the people cheered Squawky as he ran for home.

Squawky kept going. At last, all out of breath, he reached the end of the tunnel. Eight policemen were waiting, and one of them caught Squawky.

The people watching from their cars cried, "Three cheers for Squawky!"

Then the policeman at the entrance of the tunnel pressed a button. The lights turned green. The cars and trucks and buses roared and began to move.

One policeman said, "What do we do with Squawky?"

Another policeman said, "That truck will be coming back tonight. We'll watch for it." They put Squawky in a box.

That night Farmer Hay's truck came rumbling back, full of empty crates. The policeman blew his whistle as the truck came out of the tunnel.

"You lost a chicken in the tunnel," the policeman said.

"Nonsense," said Farmer Hay.

"And here he is," the policeman said.

"Here I am!" said Squawky, popping out of the box.

"For goodness sake!" said Farmer Hay. He put Squawky back in a crate.

Down the big highway they rumbled, farther and farther away from that terrible tunnel. Into the peaceful country road they turned. At last the truck stopped. Squawky could tell by the cool country air, the quiet black night, and the sleepy sounds of the chickens on their roosts that he was safely home!

"Next time you'd better know where you want to go!" Farmer Brown said as he gave him his supper.

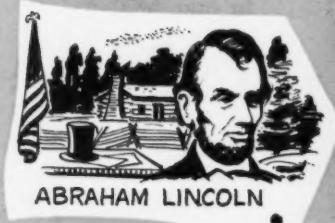
Squawky knew one place he didn't want to go—to market in New York. But he didn't say a word. He just hopped happily on his roost, to go to sleep.

THE END



Sharpen your wits!

How many accidents can you find pictured in this poster from the Austrian Junior Red Cross which were caused by carelessness? Can you guess the proverb which this drawing illustrates? In German, it is: *Vorsicht ist besser als 1000 Taler*. In English, the free translation is the old proverb: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."



Paul Collins

